

A Day of Babylon

One evening in July, eight years ago, the train jerked slowly out of Baghdad, heading us towards the south and Babylon. Dr. M. and I were to spend a week or so among the ruins of Lower Mesopotamia, and Hillah, the modern town which is only a few miles from the ancient capital of Chaldaea, was our first stopping-place. Need I say that one of us at least felt his pulse quicken at the prospect? My companion had visited Babylon twice before, was familiar with the aspect of such buried cities of the Near East; I had seen only a few "tells," but these had been enough to whet my appetite for more of the marvels of excavation. And then, who could resist the magic that hangs about such a name as that of Babylon the Great, whose hanging gardens were one of the Seven Wonders of the World, and the shadow of whose armies reached even to Palestine and the Mediterranean?

"In one year they sent a million fighters forth
South and north,
And they built their gods a brazen pillar high
As the sky."

I chanted softly to the rattle of the wheels over the unballasted rails. Well, if I could not see the brazen pillar now, the place of its founding was still there, and the houses of its worshippers.

We were travelling light. One haversack apiece was enough for clothing, toilet articles, and cameras. In a neat parcel was the supper thoughtfully prepared for us by the mess servants at Baghdad: a water melon, some sandwiches, cake and a bottle of beer. This would stay us until we had breakfast at Hillah the next morning. The train would not arrive until about three, and meanwhile we could stretch out in the little compartment that we had to ourselves, and try to sleep.

The heat was horrible, and the sultry air seemed merely to be churned about by the passage of the trains, without any sign of a freshening breeze. But we were getting used by now to fantastic temperatures. Besides, there was an electric fan, which a touch set in motion. The wet towel to the rim, allow the whizzing fan to blow two thirds of it dry, and you had the bottom third ice-cold, no matter how hot the surrounding air might be. What a relief to a throbbing head those chilly towels provided. With such gadgets, and with desultory conversation and unavailing attempts to eat supper, we whiled away the time until past midnight. After that I must have dozed, for the next thing I can remember are a grinding of brakes, the flash of a few lights, and the cry of "Hillah!"

Here we were on a platform of hard mud, with some low buildings in front of us. The rattle of the departing train died gradually away over the perfectly flat plain, the lights which had appeared on our arrival went out, and the station seemed to be deserted. As we came up to the door, however, a native station-master a Dabu from Bengal, I think, advanced to meet us. Could we sleep there until it was light enough to go on to the town? Yes, we could, if we accepted the ground for a bed, and Arabs for our bed-fellows. And peeping into the compound we had a glimpse of some fifty white-swaddled forms already relaxed in the slumbers which the noise of our train had broken. Where was the buffet? There wasn't any.

Clearly there was nothing to be done but sit up until daylight. A brief tour of the buildings, under the slightly suspicious eye of the Dabu, sufficed to convince us that there was no convenient resting-place of any kind. Dr. M. discovered a small wooden box, at any rate one of us could sit on that. And suddenly we both felt hungry.

Sandwiches, all cleanly wrapped in waxed paper—good. Then the melon and the beer. But where was the bottle-opener? Neither of us had thought of that. One never does. The station-master had retired to his lair wherever it was. Beyond the track, the silent plain stretched interminable under the stars without the sign of a house. No bottle-opener was anywhere near. "Why not a stone? Such things have been done," you may say. Well, there were no stones. There just aren't stones in Mesopotamia—only mud and dust and clay. That bottle had to be opened somehow. Thirst in the Euphrates valley can be a real affliction, and the idea of attacking the sandwiches with dry throats nauseated us. At length we hit on a method. There was a big sliding door in the front of one of the freight sheds. Dr. M. would hold me in his arms until I got the cap of our bottle over the top of the door. Then he would let go. Something was bound to give, and by all natural laws that would be the cap.

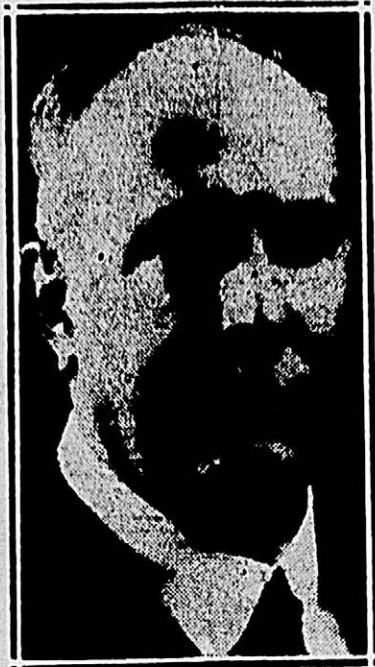
It worked, too perfectly. The cap came off with a pop. But the beer (what will a hot climate not accomplish?) followed impetuously, by the time we had it under control half of our scanty store had been wasted on the front of the shed and the ground beneath.

So intensely had our interest been focussed upon this operation that we had forgotten all about the food we

(Continued on page six)

The Daily Wishes its Readers a Very
Merry Christmas and a Happy
New Year

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS



At this season of good will, it is my pleasant privilege to extend to every student in McGill, through the medium of the *Daily*, my best and warmest wishes for a happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year. It is the old, old wish, forever new, the wish that yearly binds the world in bonds of affection and mutual respect and kindly memory. It means that now the world turns again in hope and faith to the spirit of Him to the remembrance of whose life and work the sacred day is dedicated.

You are each going home to bring to those whose care and sacrifice enabled you to come here the joy of reunion and love after absence. It may be that to some of you the shadow of sorrow which the year may have brought to you will still be present, but it will vanish, I trust, before the happiness that still is left.

Since your last Christmas season the nations have moved nearer than ever before to the practical application of the Christmas spirit and the Christmas ideal. The whisper of peace has become a trumpet call which echoes throughout the world. To you who are young the future calls to recruit in the great cause of peace, that with your aid the Christian spirit may spread from the family fireside to permeate the whole earth with its divine power.

Again I wish you from my heart a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

W. L. Burr.
Principal.

Looking
Backwards

By Max Ford

Being the account of Professor Lucius P. Biotta of his recent discoveries in the City of Montreal which was destroyed by the eruption of Mount Royal in 1915 A.D.

2636 A.D.

Our Expedition reached Canada in August, and aided by friendly Esquimaux, we made our way by dog train to the side of the buried city of Montreal. We were informed that there had been a better system of transportation in this country, but that it had ceased to function due to lack of incentive for graft.

Upon our arrival, we discovered another expedition hard at work looking for fossils. They seemed to have been successful, for they had just unearthed McGill University and were now carrying out the lava covered bodies of four professors and three law students. We assisted them in this work until the whole campus and surrounding buildings were uncovered. One room in the main building disclosed the bodies of about three hundred males and one hundred and fifty females. We concluded that this must have been the freshman class, as all the bodies were in the attitude of profound slumber, yet there were some who bore on their muddy countenances a real look of intelligence. Perhaps some upper-

(Continued on page five)

Merry Christmas!

The snow was falling, falling everywhere, softly falling, covering all the land with magic, weaving thronologies in the tree tops, singing lowly in the light of the street lamps, falling softly everywhere. The sky was a great white lilac tree showering beauty on the world. Softly the petals fell singing in the darkness. Softly touching lovely ladies' cheeks, lying like white jewels on car roofs and door-steps, glittering in the light of shop windows, singing sadly out of darkness, dying, dying.

In the park they fell and on an old maple tree with a green bench at its foot, and the tree spread white wings over the bench. On the bench a man was sitting. He wore no overcoat and his dirty wolfen sweater was fastened at the neck with a pin. A newsboy passed. "Merry, Christmas, mister," shouted the newsboy. The man started. "Christmas?" he mumbled. "God, Christmas, I had forgotten. I wonder do they remember. Edith... Edith." And though the tree bent over very closely she could not hear what the man said. In a minute he got up and laughing queerly faded into the silver curtain of the snow.

"O Fred, let's sit down here awhile. These parcels are so heavy."
"All right dear. This parcel of mine is a pretty heavy too. Just for a minute though."

They sat in silence.
"Fred."

"Yes dear."

"This is our first Christmas together, Fred. I am so happy, dear. I wonder will we always be so happy as this. It would be terrible if you stopped loving me."

"Don't talk like a silly child. Of course we'll always be happy together. Come on, we've got to get to mother's."

"Oh Fred it seems a shame to be so happy when so many people must be miserable tonight."

"Nonsense! Everyone is happy at Christmas!"

Perhaps it was a little wind that ran through the park, but it seemed that the big tree sighed once—faintly. The tree was very old.

Two children came and sat on the bench. They were ragged children. One of them said,

"Well, if you want to believe it, go ahead. I ain't stopping you. Only it's the bunk, I'm tellin' yuh, it sure is. How is it they have a Santy Claus in every store, huh? Ain't you got no brains?"

"Them ain't real Santies. Anyone knows that. They're just some guy working in the store. No one ever saw the real Santy. Maybe he's a Jew. He's like God. Maybe he's a friend of God's. I dunno."

"You make me sick. How can he be all over the world at the same time, huh, all over the world?"

"Well I guess he's like God, that's all."

"Yeh? Well he never brought me nothing. My ol' man gets stewed every Christmas and beats hell outa me. That's what I get."

"My dear fellow do rest a minute. You peels are so damnably energetic. No respect for us doddering philosophers at all."

"All right. Well, as I was saying, poetry should be perfect beauty, imagination, pure emotion, no jarring note of intellectuality. Take this poem. It is almost perfectly beautiful—the snow, the lights, the trees. It would be, I think, perfect if it were not for those two filthy little kids there walking away—I think they were sitting here before we came—they spill the scene for the artist. They mar the beauty; they invoke thought. One can so seldom catch beauty perfect. I could have held this scene in a sonnet if those kids had not spoiled it all."

"Very well, I'll take your damned theory if you won't spout any of your beastly verses. Just the same any art to be worth a rap must invoke thought. But enough. It is Christmas. Christmas always invokes anthropomorphic thoughts in me. Kant..."

The bench was again empty. Out of the white snow came the thin, black figure of a woman. Wearily she sat down. Her eyes had a dull metallic glare. Her lips and high-boned cheeks were repulsively red. She had a peculiar young-old look. She peered through the snow like a wolf. A bulky form loomed up. The woman started. It was a fat man in a brown overcoat. She sighed with relief. As he drew near she called in a silky, suggestive voice, "Hello Buddy."

"Go to Hell," said the fat man, and strode past.

The newsboy came running through the snow.

"Merry Christmas, lady," he cried cheerily.

The woman said nothing.

The snow was falling, falling everywhere. Softly falling from the dark.

(Continued on page two)

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1929.

DISILLUSIONMENT

ONE of the pathetic times of a person's life is when they emerge from the world of make believe. If it were really only a part of the person's subjective makeup it would be alright but there is always the outside world which must stand by and laugh and hoot and presumably have its joke. To the outside world it is the beginning of understanding and a period that must be gone through if a person is to be any use at all in the busy, rushing, custom-bound, mad world. To the individual soul that has its dream shattered, it is the most agonising time that it has experienced, and the wound that has seared the tender heart so much is given so much prominence that the pain is too great to bear and the individual wishes he were dead. There is nothing else in life to live for.

Many will be the poor little chap or girl to realise this Christmas that there is no Santa Claus, in the terms couched by the hard-headed, pleased-to-be-called-businesslike world. Not all the sacrifices that are offered on its behalf at the altar of Mammon will appease a heart that has lost its god. The presents galore, the promises of more when the stores open, the temptations of all the good things in the Frigidaire, the pecuniary advance, all will be of no avail to the dream shattered soul.

Senile as we may seem we still believe in Santa Claus. He may have been apparently destroyed by his simultaneous appearances in leading department stores. He may have become unreal by arriving in Montreal at least a month before the schedule time to please his exploiters who wish to make him appear as a real business man and one of those go-getters who do not let grass grow under his feet. We know that all those images which we see are false idols and we do not worship at their feet. The spirit which they embody is not the spirit of our living Santa Claus who lives always, and comes to see us especially at a special time of the year. Our Santa is as real to us as Uncle Sam or John Bull. Others may try to impersonate but they cannot catch the spirit that was in, and still is in, our gods which we cherish in our hearts of ideals.

Yes, we still believe in ideals. Sometimes we are able to put them in force. It may cost us a great deal and the world may surge in with its crowds and bally-hoo but we keep our ideals.

The person whom we, as children, came to dislike was the one who had been our treasured friend, had shared in all our ideals, had lived and existed in the same world as we, until he became of the mundane, custom conforming gang that laughed, and helped to break the dream which we believed to be real and broke down the god which was our all in all. He told us that there was no Santa and that we should not fool ourselves any longer but might as well become sensible and do the same as other folk do. It was easier in the long run and we would not have the world laughing at us. We mourned that one who was formerly so dear to us should have betrayed our trust, been afraid to live the spirit that our ideal had needed, and had gone the way of all flesh, taking the easy path rather than the ideal one.

Nothing to us is more soul shattering than to have that same childhood experience transmitted to the older spheres of life. To have a friend with whom one has lived in the world of ideals, with whom the confidentials and aerial flights have been taken, with whom you have planned and schemed that you, both would not be a part of that disbelieving hidebound world, with whom you had embarked upon a scheme which needed the two of you to fulfil to show that all dreams are not madness, with whom you had staked your very existence that your view was right — and then to have that friend suddenly turn off, and adopt the attitude which you had been striving to show as false.

Yes, no sacrifices at the altar of Mammon, no libations to the shrines of the multitudinous gods that are false, no supernatural blessings promised by those gods, will heal the broken spirit or tempt it to live. The soul struggles on of its own accord, seeking a new mate, believing in its own ideals, and finally peters out in a whirl of disillusionments.

Be gentle to those that are caught in this predicament. They need your sympathy not laughs.

TOY SOLDIERS

DEEP in our hearts we knew that it would come and we are glad of it. The signs of the times had pointed to it. The world had shown that it needed it and it came. We note with great interest the innovation of a British firm of toy manufacturers, makers of toy soldiers, who have gone from the conventional idea of the red coated soldier and have produced for us, yes as well as for our younger friends, toy soldiers of all the ages from the ancient world, through the classical to the mediaeval.

The question as to whether the influence of toy soldiers had a bad effect upon the young we left to the Canadian debaters who toured Britain last winter. To us these new toy soldiers will not be destructive but instructive. From them we may transmit to those younger in mind the fact that world has not always been the same as it is today, and we may help them to trace, through their toys, the advance that civilisation has made through the ages.

Toys have been more on the idea of constructive play for some while. We were given a pencil and book to scribble in, instead of a book to tear to pieces. We were given paints and outlines to fill in, instead of gaudy books from which to lick the printer's ink. We were given balloons to blow up for ourselves, instead of having them ready to burst. We were given building sets with which to construct our idea of trains and bridges, instead of the clockwork trains to pull apart to see how the engine worked. Now we are given ancient, classical and a whole host of other toy soldiers that we may be constructive when we think about soldiers, instead of wishing to knock them down with a toy cannon.

We commend to those who have not bought any presents for their little brother or nephew, that they buy these soldiers and with them trace the march of Alexander the Great, live with Tut-ankhamen, go again on the Crusades and arrive at the world in which we hope to live, when the soldiers are put away for the night.

ALL HANDS!

By
EWART REID

Frank Thorpe had been heading the undivided attention of the rest of us on the night shift at the forest fire since six p.m., and it was now two in the morning. There seemed to be no end to Thorpe's repertoire of stories, anecdotes, jokes, and wise-cracks. One or two of us had feebly tried to make a contribution to the enjoyment of the group gathered around the small section of fire specially nurtured by us to keep us warm during our dark vigil by the burnt area, which was now quiet after our two-day fight. There were small flames and glowing embers only here and there.

The purpose of our being there was not so much to carry active war against the corrallled fire, as to patrol its bounds or guards to see that it did not spread into the unburnt area, to be out of control again. Everything looked fine on our early surveillances, and now for several hours we had been sitting around our small fire listening to Thorpe, while we munched sandwiches and drank coffee.

Suddenly, at the end of a story about an adventure with a young Doukhobor, quite up to his usual high standard of amusement, Frank dropped his head on his arm, and his prostrate form was soon asleep. I was not long in following him, at least into that state of semi-consciousness which precedes sound sleep, and most of the other fellows showed their fatigue similarly.

We had not been thus silent for more than ten minutes before we were stirred by loud puffings coming from a person moving through the thick bush at a fairly rapid pace.

"All hands!" he cried, between puffs. "The fire has jumped the road!" And then appeared Emil Anderson, a big Swede for a neighboring ranch, which was not entirely free from danger from the fire. He hurriedly explained where the spot-fire was a half a mile away, that he would cut through the bush, but that we should follow the trail. Then he was off. Emil was one of our shift, and because his property was near, he was a little more diligent in patrolling than the rest of us, who did not belong in the country.

It was to answer just such a summons as this that we were on the job. But everything had been so quiet for eight hours or so that I do not believe the thought that a spot-fire might break out was at all vivid in the minds of any of us. However, we picked up our shovel, axe, or peeler, and, duty-struck, hit off on the double for the scene of the trouble.

Thorpe and Bob, my chum, were at the front of the single file, and I was close behind. Soon Bob, an intercollegiate harrier, outdistanced the pack intent upon a business of which I was not yet aware. The half-dozen other boys were right behind.

We had not been on our way three minutes when I heard a sound which to my mind in the night it was in—forcing an all-night vigil ahead—seemed quite incongruous.

Frankie Thorpe was laughing!

And he continued to laugh and to laugh louder and heartier. Mock repetitions of "All hands!" between guffaws enlightened me as to the cause of his mirth, and soon I was also chuckling, though like Frank with no slowing up in pace. My merriment was in part a smaller edition of Thorpe's but it was also directed at myself for having intently missed the humorous angle of the situation, which had struck him almost immediately. Upon reflection, Emil's warning did not appear to be quite funny, though I did not analyse upon what basis at the time.

There might well have been reason to hold our laughter in face of the danger, which proved to be real enough when we discovered the new fire to cover an area of several hundred square feet and to be spreading rapidly. And, indeed, I soon got into a determined and serious mood again. But Thorpe with axe in hand, a weapon with which he was thoroughly familiar, ran right up to the blaze as hilarious as ever, but remarkably effective nevertheless. He made every stroke count as he felled trees and lopped off branches in just the right way to stop the onrush of the eager flames, but he also kept recurring to "the fire has jumped the road!" and "All hands!" in such a variety of ways that the rest of us were able to attack the work with a light heart as well as a will. Frank's mood, quite typical of him in all circumstances, proved quite contagious.

Within twenty minutes we had made an excellent start at corralling the blaze. We had a trench started in a wide path clear of brush on the side toward the unburnt timber. Then the boys from the day shift arrived from the main camp a mile away, aroused from their well-earned sleep

TWO POEMS

By K. N. Cameron

I OLD MAN

Each morning now
With wavering tread
I seek this chair
By the wild-rose bed
Where the brown bees come
With surly hum.

As the bough's shade creeps
Gray on the ground
I must move this chair
Furthur around
I must sit in the sun
Till day is done.

My eyes are dim
As with a mist.
I watch the spittle
Drip to my wrist.
The dripping ceases.
I dies by pieces.

I cannot see
Far or near.
But the wind in the grass
Says God is here.
And the world means more
Than ever before.

II DAWN

Little golden lady
You are gone,
And now the stars are dying
One by one.

And now pale leaves
In a growing light
Cry silver-voiced
Against the night.

And now the ghost-wind
Weeps in fear,
And now I only know
You are not here.

Now dawn comes
Like a solitary swan
O little golden lady
You are gone.

by Bob after his cross country run in record time. With the re-enforcements, it was not more than an hour before the fire was reasonably quiet and under control.

I had actually enjoyed my part in the work, and I think this was true for most of the other boys, even those awakened in the middle of their legitimate sleep. Frank Thorpe's quite unstudied kidding of Emil Anderson, the fire, and everything in general had caught on. We certainly worked just as quickly and effectively as we would have if we had seriously attacked the undeniably dangerous blaze with knitted brows, and hands clenched desperately around our shovel or axe; yet we derived a big kick out of the whole business.

So here's to Frank Thorpe and his all-to-rare ilk. He did not permit Emil Anderson's "All hands!" and "jumped the road," to which he added certain picturesque but unhistorical epithets, to die in that camp during the rest of its existence, and probably most of the fellows remember it yet with a chuckle.

Merry Christmas

(Continued from page one)

covering the earth with beauty; making all things alike; turning night into a fairy cave, weaving through all the land. With small white wings it fell everywhere; fell softly, softly fell like lilac petals everywhere, making all things alike.

"McGillian" Editors Ready To Receive Literary Material

The Editorial Board of the "McGillian" would remind the student body that they are ready to receive contributions.

All necessary business arrangements have already been made, and the first issue can appear as soon as there is sufficient material.

A. M. Klein, Editor-in-Chief, states that it is his hope, and the hope of the whole executive, that the "McGillian" will become a student magazine, that it will become the University Forum where all students, male and female, will voice their thoughts in true artistic style, and with appreciable literary excellence.

The Board suggests that the Christmas vacation is a very appropriate time for the students to prepare something for the magazine, and they urge all students, male and female, to lend their support to the magazine, to respond to this call, and to leave their contributions at the Union Truck Shop.

HORSES

A horse is a large square animal, made up mainly of horse hide, horse hair, and horse sense. It has four legs, one at each corner, which are placed there in order to keep the horse's stomach off the ground, and to this extent resembles an ordinary bridge lamp. It has a head in front to keep the passengers from slipping off in that direction, and about midway along its fuselage is a saddle to keep them from sliding off the rear elevation. At the sides are stirrups, but these are not strictly a part of the horse.

The horse's fuselage is of heavily-ribbed construction, and is only slightly stream-lined, except in racing models. The tail is adjustable, but the horse does not respond very well to rudder control and there is no stabilizer. Lateral balance is unusually satisfactory so that the horse will cruise on an even keel with hands off, but longitudinal balance is not so good. High speed, about 25 m.p.h., low speed 5 m.p.h. cruising speed, about 10 m.p.h. cruising radius about 20 miles on one gallon of oats and a bucket of water. Landing speed all depends on how and where you land.

It is considered bad form to use the ladder to get on a horse or to climb up by the tail, and while the pilot may be lowered into position by a derrick, this is not usually available. The rider should therefore learn first of all how to mount a horse, though the horse can be trusted to suggest numerous ways of dismounting. Place the horse facing north and south. Approach the left or port side, gently murmuring "Gee" or "Whoa" according to the gender of the horse, and feeding it with lump sugar rapidly with the left hand. Place the left foot firmly in the stirrup, and leap lightly but firmly into the saddle. Care must be taken to estimate accurately the muscular effort required or the rider may go completely over the horse, which is unnecessarily as we are not playing leap-frog. If properly executed this manoeuvre should leave the rider facing in the same general direction as the horse.

Hold the horse firmly between the knees to avoid losing him. Gently release the clutch or brake, and proceed forward.

SPORTS NOTICES

All rowers out during the vacation: Coach Molmans will be on deck as usual.

Wrestlers Attention! No practice today, Monday morning at 9.30.

Arts '32 Hockey. Practices during the vacation as usual, every Tuesday from 3 to 4 on the Campus Rink.

WINTER OUTING CLUB

There will be a slalom race tomorrow, Dec. 21. Those wishing to compete should be at the Lookout at two o'clock sharp.



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Christmas In The Sub-Arctic

W. H. Moore

Waking up bright and early and gazing through the frost covered windows, displayed to one's view a world of snow, more snow, and yet more snow as far as the eye could reach. It was Christmas morning, 1928, and the place was Tavane, Northwest Territories. Tavane is a small settlement, though not small as northern settlements run, consisting of some half dozen wooden buildings sitting almost on the shore line on the west coast of Hudson's Bay about one hundred miles south of Chesterfield Inlet. It is in the midst of the Barren Lands, and there is no Christmas tree in sight, for the nearest timber grows two hundred miles to the southwest.

In the summer time the country presents to the spectator a vista of lakes, low lying rock formations covered with moss, sand hills, more lakes, more rock, more moss, and more sand hills. Grass and flowers also appear, but no trees whatever. Now, at Christmas time, the only spot of colour relieving the endless white expanse of snow, is a small yellow blotch in the centre of the landscape. This on closer inspection turns out to be a small Moth aeroplane out on the ice with its nose in a hangar about half a mile from the main shack of the settlement.

It is a beautiful day, fine sunny weather with only a light wind. The temperature is thirty five below zero in the morning, but by midday has risen to twenty below—quite mild. In the evening the clear starry sky is brilliantly illuminated by a display of scintillating shifting aurora borealis of all colours. The colours are of translucent pastel shades and cover the whole sky, forming a huge dome made up of an infinite number of brightly lit arches. The colours are unusual. Almost always the display of "Northern Lights" has only a faint greenish tint to it.

Daylight lasts from nine thirty in the morning until three thirty in the afternoon at this time of the year in this latitude, and so we make the most of it.

There are about eight white men in the settlement and twenty Eskimos. The activities of the cook have been tremendous and, judging by odours and glimpses of stacks of pies and other Christmas fare, have produced the desired results. Neither the roast beef Christmas dinner of England nor the turkey dinner of Canada is here for us, but instead we have the finest of Barren Lands caribou steaks, meat more tender than some turkeys, and who of us do not prefer it to beef?

For the first time in six months I have put on a suit, white collar and tie, and hard shoes, in place of the customary khaki shirt with no tie, and running shoes or soft soled heel-less sealskin mukluks. One feels civilized once more, but somewhat undecided as to whether the change is an improvement or not.

The Eskimos have all been invited to a huge feast, and they are joyfully anticipating it. Everyone from old Nigvig down to Mary's new baby, only a few weeks old, finally gather from their several igloos and parade up to our main building, glad of the opportunity to leave their chilly snow houses to come into the warmth of our cozy home. Seating themselves about the well filled table, enlarged for the occasion, the banquet begins. Dainties of all kinds disappear in amazing quantities as if by magic. The youngsters consume unbelievable amounts, even surpassing the not remarkable achievements of their elders until he can hold no more—and then has another piece of pie.

All things must come to an end sometime, however,—to our great relief, for we postponed our own Christmas dinner until after the natives had been fed and had left us in peace. Their dinner over, the Eskimos rested a while in our living quarters to chat with us and recover from their exertions. They spoke some English and we spoke some Eskimo, so all enjoyed one another's society. Bobbie, two years old, was made happy by the gift of a toy tin automobile which one of us had discovered among our possessions.

When the last native had left to return to his snow house, we had our own Christmas dinner, and a pleasant party it was. Winnipeg was a thousand miles to the south of us and our homes were far away, but Christmas radio programs brought them near to us and we forgot that we were beyond the limits of what man calls civilization. A Christmas cake brought up with us months before from the outside world, was very much appreciated, and we remembered that we had to thank a lady in a far away city for being so thoughtful as to remember such a thing when we left our homes in the middle of the summertime. After our Christmas dinner was over the snow looked inviting for an afternoon's skiing, but unfortunately it was too hard and dry to be enjoyable. At twenty or thirty below zero the snow is just like sand, and skis simply refuse to slide.

A football we had with us did excellent service, and many a game was

NIGHT PIECE

Black slender spruce against a midnight sky ...
A young moon riding high ...
Shimmering snow, save where beneath the trees ...
Dark shadows lie, mysterious, velvet-deep ...
A waking, listless silence, and the sound ...
Of ice cracking a mile across the lake ...
With sudden, unexpected hollowness ...
Sheltered from every wandering air ...
A tiny tree stands out ...
Lit by a thousand tiny candle flames ...
Each one a redder star ...
Striving from heaven ...
Seeking companionship ...
Mingling like fire-flies on Christmas eve.

H.J.H.

Overheard on an Extra Gang

By F. M.

It all began over some casual reference to Hell. It was a word often heard, but nobody had thought of its real meaning before. Anyway, a discussion began. "Soup" said right off in his usual confident way—very confident for only nineteen years of experience. "There ain't no heaven and there ain't no Hell neither. A priest told me that once." Several of the others applauded, but Jimmie, the little Irishman who worked next me, stopped working and said "Nope, I know there's a Heaven and I know there's a Hell, and there's a God too," and repeated it several times, very emphatically. "Ye can't prove it," says "Soup" scornfully, "when a man dies he dies like a dog or a cow. That's all." "Ah, no he doesn't," said Jimmie.

This was the Lining Gang on Railway Extra Gang number 34, working down a long sandy stretch in the heat of the summer afternoon, so intensely hot that the steel wriggled back and forth almost like a snake as we tried to throw it into line. You probably saw us if you happened to be travelling on Number Two that afternoon bound for Sudbury or Toronto. Yes, ten ragged men you passed, leaning on their bars or rubbing on more "dope" to drive off the clouds of flies and mosquitoes. We probably waved to you, and if you happened to be the fair young traveller who waved from the back platform, we threw a few kisses at you, and wished that passenger trains did not go so fast.

We had been at this job together for weeks, and had grown to consider ourselves set apart from the Big Gang, indeed we felt rather superior. We had our own handcar, the best-

running car of the whole set, because we had picked it out early in the summer and kept the other men from using it. Then, of course, we could always beat the whole pack down that five-mile stretch of double track to the bunk-cars at suppers time, which was a sure sign of our superiority. We used to talk and joke a good deal as we worked, in little snatches of course, while we were carrying the lining bars from one "quarter" to the next. When we were jerking the bars, to the rhythmic Yo—Yo—Yo of "Longboat" there could be no talking. But as soon as Matti shouted "Woop" and "Quarter ahead" the talk would begin again and continued until we had our bars planted in rows and were ready for the next jerk.

During all those weeks we had discussed many things in our jerky way, Prohibition, Marriage and Divorce, the pros and cons of drinking beer, the plight of the English Immigrant, the future of Canada and United States, and other equally weighty subjects—but somehow religion had always escaped, until that sultry afternoon when we were lining track at Devon. I was drowsy and working like an automaton on my bar, but at this I suddenly became very much awake. This was the sort of thing we had argued about at College on nights when we should have been studying. We found it difficult enough. I wondered how these men with little or no schooling would tackle it.

"Soup" told of a priest he had known at Chelmsford who was "running" about wid wimmen' all the time. He'd seen other priests in the Lumber Camps and they did nothing but

Horace Re-Horrified

Book, I. Ode 5.

Pyrrha, what small-town flare
With oily brushed-back hair
Worships thee now?
As on the screen he sees
Three flicker, till his knees
Wobble—and how!
Falls for the Eton Crop
Thou brushest straightly up
From thy fair brow?

Oh how that day he'll rue
He sees thou art untrue
Can he adore thee
Knowing that thou has wed
Seven—since divorced or dead—
Before he saw thee?
Alas! The foolish swain
Has movies on the brain
And falls before thee!

Or, unacquainted he
With the still changeful sea
Or navigation
Basks in a four-foot amble
Across the screen, the while
His weekly ration
Of thy embracing love
Thou pourest from above
Like a libation.

Pyrrha, I can recall
Thy photo on my wall
Up in my den.
Ah! How I worshipped thee
Though thou wast all to me!
— Never again —
Now I know better: for
I am a Sophomore,
A Freshman then!

Calami Nomen.

was played out on the ice or on the hard snow between ourselves and the Eskimos. The women folk joined in these games with even greater enthusiasm than the men, and race about and bump into each other with apparent unconcern for the safety of their bodies, they sometimes carried on their backs.

On Christmas evening the radio set was tuned in and we listened to messages of goodwill broadcast from all parts of the continent. A little later in the evening we listened to Arctic programs broadcast especially for our

benefit, and to innumerable personal messages addressed to particular individuals throughout the great north-land. When the last of these had been heard and it was well on into the morning of the next day, we decided that it was time to retire, and so we did, carrying with us thoughts of home and other days, perhaps, but nevertheless thinking that wherever man may go in the lonely parts of the earth, the spirit of Christmas will reach him and carry with it the same old message of peace and good cheer.

Jolly Bad "Good Fellows"

S. N. G.

"For he's a jolly good fellow,
Which nobody can deny."
Whenever I hear this tag-end of that state and inspired song, sung so lustily by an enthusiastic, well-mannered throng, I wonder if they would be as willing to sing it over again should they once stop to figure out what sort of person a "jolly good fellow" is.

For beneath his demure and virtuous countenance, the "Jolly good fellow" hides a morality and spirit of egotism and cold-blooded selfishness which would make one shudder, were these exposed to the gaze of all. In truth, he is our modern ogre. In explanation, I go back to the story of Puss-in-Boots in which an evil being, called an ogre, changed at will to any form of creature. If in the guise of a mouse, he were to encounter a gathering of cats, he would change his form to that of a cat, and hence be free from danger of annoyance or extermination.

Our "Jolly good fellow" does essentially the same thing. He is at once at a gathering of cultured men; he seats himself among the less moral creatures in the beer parlour, and is able to tell as filthy a story as any one of them. On one occasion, he will deplore the lack of modesty shown by the modern girl, and some time later, one may find him in the front seat of a burlesque show, armed with binoculars. He visits our prayer meetings, he infests our upstairs Main Street cafes, and always maintains an easy and congenial countenance.

Naturally one is led to ask the question: "What is it that turns a good, honest being into a lowdown, indecent 'Jolly good fellow'?" To this I answer in one word—Standardization.

Years ago, this factor in our society was almost non-existent, but lately it has assumed huge proportions, and threatens to choke us as persons, and turn us into standard products, distinguished by numbers and not by names. What of recreation? Does it not give us opportunity for individual expression? The reply is a dismal one: no. No more home life, no more free and unrestrained chats with our friends around the fire, no more retreats for meditation alone; yes, we have substitutes—our masonic lodges, service clubs, social associations and—oh, I hate to say it—fraternities.

Where is the average family gathered in the evening—together at home? Oh dear no—father at a lodge meeting, mother at the women's club, Bert, (you know, the one who goes to college) at the fraternity, Bill (still at high school) at the Y.M.C.A. What of originality? Right well you

take money from men, "Francis" the Lithuanian said he had seen the same thing, every man have his pay cut short, to give the Priest some money. Worse than that, he had known a priest in Montreal who told him he didn't believe a word of the stuff he taught, but that he had to fool the people. "All these priests learn stuff out of old books, and then fool the people, to get their money—idle priests with fat salaries and good cars, supported by the people. Bah!" Then Longboat spoke up. (I wonder where Longboat is now. His real name was Percy Knight.) "I know the real kind. A young fellow came once to a Lumber Camp where I was working. I don't know what Church he belonged to. When we asked him he said it didn't matter. He brought a handful of hymnbooks, and read to us and never asked for a cent of money. That's the sort of man he was—and that night he slept on the cookhouse floor."

A while later, a Freight was expected, so we dropped the bars and made the best of our time in the blueberry patch beside the track. The bushes were loaded down with berries, I remember. George Davis, a young fellow from Montreal who worked on the bar next to me, was still wondering about it. He said half to me and half to himself "Is there a God? Is there a Heaven and a Hell?" I think he really wanted to know. But I being only a College Student, and not much acquainted with life, could only grunt, and mumbled something about people finding out more of that stuff as they got older. I wonder why I couldn't tell him, I who had spent years at College, and had read many big books, and knew a great many things that he did not?

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may ask—in the meantime, poor old originally has been squeezed into a smaller space, and in some cases entirely cast out. And as the years go on, the conditions get worse and worse. Lodges and clubs restrict the freedom of programs, and assume constitutions and pledges. The merciless spoon of standardization continues to feed its subjects and these "take their medicine" with less and less struggling.

Yes, there is a solution, though it involves many sacrifices. Each person must become an individual, and establish some ideals for which he is willing to fight tooth and nail. He must give up his "friends" because of their differences of standards; his

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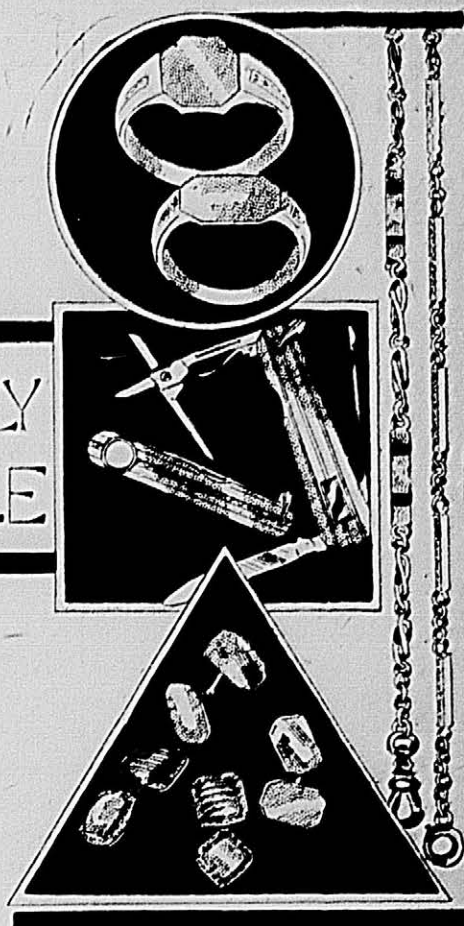
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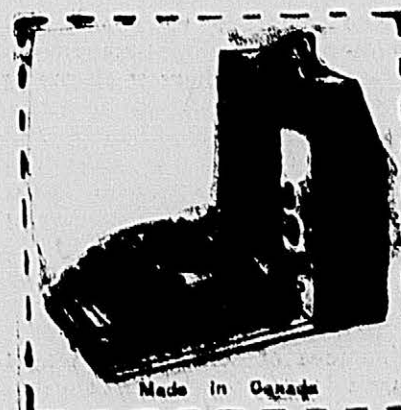
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Blind Students Entertain At Joint Recital

Mary Munn, L.R.A.M., And Dan Munn, B.A., Were Artists.

THIRD CONCERT.

High Standard Of Musical Association Recitals Maintained.

Last night in the Union the Musical Association held the third recital of the series to be given this year. The artists of the evening were Miss Mary Munn, L.R.A.M. and her brother Dan Munn, both blind students of this University. Mr. R. Sancton accompanied Dan Munn in his songs.

The program consisted of songs and pianoforte solos. Miss Munn as the pianist gave a performance of considerable merit, and Dan Munn as the vocalist, entertained with a well-selected group of songs giving variety, theme, and treatment.

Miss Mary Munn proved herself a pianist of distinction. Her program included pieces varying from classical fugues to modern interpretative music. She handled the complicated variations of Bach's fugues with skill and ease which won the enthusiastic applause of the audience. In the romantic compositions, "Hark, Hark, the Lark" by Schubert and Chopin's "Scherzo in B Minor", Miss Munn succeeded in conveying all their joy and abandon. The selections from the modern composers met with an applause which had been growing in heartiness throughout the evening.

"The vocal numbers sung by Dan Munn were of a pleasing variety and range. The selections in the first part of his program were for the most part dark and foreboding in mood, and in the minor key. The second part was lighter and more dramatic in tone. "The Horn", "Rolling Down to Rio" and "Big Bass Viol" received the most enthusiastic response from the audience.

The complete program was as follows:

By Mary Munn
Classics Group
Bach, Prelude and Fugue in E Major Book 1 No. 21.
Prelude and Fugue in G Minor Book 1 No. 16.
Prelude and Fugue in E Major Book 1 No. 23.
Arranged by Busoni, Chorale-Prelude in E minor.

Romantic Group
Shubert-Liszt, "Hark, Hark, the Lark."
Brahms, "Intermezzo in E Flat Minor."
Chopin, "Scherzo in B Minor."

Modern Group
Glazunov, "La Nuit."
Rachmaninoff, "Prelude in G Sharp Minor."
Albaniz arranged by Godowsky, "Tango."
Debussy, "Reflet dans l'Eau."

By Dan Munn
"Wind and Waves."
"The Wanderer."
"The Horn."
"The Lute Player."
"Drink to me only with thy eyes."
"Rolling down to Rio."
"Big Bass Viol."
"Blow Blow Thou Winter Wind."

Jolly Bad "Good Fellows"

(Continued from page three)
periods of solitary meditation must be more frequent; he must throw out all iron-bound schedules which are not his own, and draw up some of his own planning—what if they are imperfect?—they are HIS, not somebody else's.
What we need most is action, not useless, wordy, mutterings. This must be done today, now, or we are lost. Better to die friendless than to be buried by a group of untrustworthy, unreliable "jolly good fellows."

PLAYERS' CLUB

There will be a rehearsal for scenes three and four of "Catherine" today at four o'clock in Room B of Strathcona Hall. All members of the cast appearing in either of these scenes must be on hand and on time, with their parts and their hearts.

BADMINTON CLUB

All players please note that the courts will not be available for play during the Christmas holidays.

Correspondence

The Editor,
McGill Daily.
Dear Sir,
May I through your columns apologise to any whom I may have offended by reason of my conduct at the Junior Prom.

Yours truly,
James C. Harvey Jr.

The Festive Season

During the Great Christmas Festival Most people endeavour to be kind, And we pity the poor old Miser, Whose greed has unbalanced his mind, We are kind to members of our Family Relatives, and Friends near and far, Husbands give presents to Mother-in-law's and Wives, For bringing great joy into their lives.

We are kind to the little Children, And play the part of Santa Claus, Our large pumpkin size hearts are Open Only lack of funds make us Pause, We offer a full cup of Happiness, To all Mankind, Come what may, But we punish our poor Stomachs And make them work night and Day.

We overload our poor Stomachs Although Wisdom says it is not right We eat and drink 57 varieties Just to please our appetites At night when we go to bed Instead of enjoying a restful sleep We have nightmares and bad dreams Enough to make the angels weep.

We are flying in an Airplane, To visit the Man in the Moon, We view the dry Ocean and River Beds, And are impressed by its gloom But somehow we get a thrill By falling headlong to the Earth We awake trembling on the bed, And the heart is beating for all its worth.

I remember one Christmas years ago, I ate and drank the 57 varieties kind, I said, Eat, Drink and Be Merry Make no Reflection, or Whine, Next day I wore a bilious looking face, So I've resolved during this year of grace, To be cruel in order to be kind to my Stomach.

Captain Eb

(Continued from page one)

angle "won't he allow anyone aboard before he's cleared his fish?"

"He doesn't carry fish, he's bringing up more treasure."

"Oh, this is a little trip from St. Pierre. Well I guess I better wait until he's disposed of his—"

"No, it's not that either. Not baccy, nor spirits, nary anything of that, but real treasure in gold and stuff."

"What on earth is he bringing that here for?" I asked, dumbfounded.

"He comes up and buries it in the sand and hides it in the caves, so that the frigate can't prove that he's stolen nothing."

Then the poor scared soul told me of the exploits of Captain Eb who had made it his calling to pirate on the high seas. This cove had been his hidden base and here he felt comparatively secure. Once he had sailed away in his usual jocular mood but had not returned. But yet he had returned, quite often, but it was only the privileged one, now and then, who had seen his brig come in the harbour under full sail, seen the captain at the wheel, heard him shout his orders to heave to, heard the rattle of the chain as the anchor was cast, and then—well no one knew what happened after then, for they were too afraid to stop to see. And Captain Eb had arrived in harbour today.

"But how do you know that it is only Captain Eb who comes up to the harbour in this way?"

"We always know that it is Captain Eb, because after he has hidden his treasure he always comes home to his house, this house."

"Do you mean to say that Captain Eb will come here, to this house, tonight?"

"Why, yes. And if you hear him tonight, for he has a wooden peg leg, please don't—"

And my hostess fled to her room, and I saw nothing more of her that night. After a stroll along the sea shore I turned in, wondering if I should meet Captain Eb.

Thomp, thomp, thomp. There was certainly someone moving about downstairs. I sat up in bed and strained my ears. Yes, there it was again. Thomp, thomp, thomp, as though someone was walking with a stick. Now it couldn't be Uncle Abe, the only man in the hamlet who used a stick, for he lived ten houses away and he would have awakened us before he came into the house. Still there came the thomp, thomp, thomp from downstairs.

I determined to investigate and putting on my dressing gown prepared to go downstairs. Then it dawned upon me that the thomping was caused by Captain Eb. His wooden leg sounded on the bare wooden floor.

Reaching the foot of the stairs I could hear that the noise came from the kitchen and so I called out, enquiring what the person wanted. Not a word of reply. Again I called and still no reply. I walked a few steps to the middle of the livingroom. Again I called only to be answered by the thomp, thomp.

I froze to the spot. My hair came up on end. My scalp had a prickly feeling. Cold sweat broke out on

my forehead. The thomping was turning and coming into the room. I could not move an inch to hide.

Through the door it came. Round the table straight towards me. The noise kept up. That thomp, thomp. I could see nothing, but I sensed a great deal. Slowly it came right to me, was right in front of me. I struggled for I feared that it would grapple with me for intruding upon its soliloquies. A pirate would do anything to anyone who came in his path.

The thomping did not stop. It came right at me and—then went right through me. I could not turn but I heard it keep on and then so out through the door to the outside. Yes, actually through the door for it was closed. Then I heard it no more.

Gradually I came back to a frame of mind where I could move and timorously I turned and made my way back to bed. Sleep I could not for I thought of the return of Captain Eb. But he never came back that night.

Having lunched on brose and molasses, bread and molasses, and tea and molasses. I decided that it would be best to get aboard my yacht, the John C. and drop away with the tide. As I pulled out towards the yacht in

Will Speak On Race Problems

A study of racial interaction and the urgent questions arising from it will form the topic of an address which Professor Frederick Clarke, Professor of Education at McGill, will give at the People's Forum on Saturday evening, Dec. 22, at 7.50 p.m. The title of the lecture will be "The Race Problem in South Africa."

Professor Clarke, who is well-known to many undergraduates, is a graduate of Oxford, and went to South Africa in 1911. His career in Cape Town as Professor of Education was marked by real distinction. During his eighteen year in the Cape, Professor Clarke came in to intimate contact with South African life. There he enjoyed the friendship of General Smuts, who is to be granted an honorary degree from McGill, and other important citizens.

As a member of various educational commissions, Dr. Clarke has spent some time in various parts of the Union and Southern Rhodesia. In 1920 and 1927 he was Chairman of the National Conference on Apprenticeship, and has since then occupied several positions of importance, including that of delegate to the International Labor Conference of the League of Nations. He was also a member of the Advisory Council of the Ministry of Labor.

Many writers have doubted the permanency of white domination in South Africa. It is difficult for Canadians to realize that only one out of every six persons in the Union of South Africa is a white person. When Mr. C. F. Andrews was in Montreal this year he said that he regarded India and South Africa as the "two danger spots of the world today." South Africa's race problem is so curious and so complex that few persons are bold or wise enough to suggest the future of that country.

Professor Clarke has been chiefly concerned with the study of social

the dory I wondered why the people had built their houses on piles while they could have built on the land. Of course the land was but a negligible strip, and at that mostly, sand. They had built as near the water as they possibly dared for when the tide was high it was under the houses, but they had a clearance being built on the piles.

The flotsam and jetsam that was brought up by the tide was left each time under the houses, and on hot days not very pleasant, for all the household garbage of the hamlet was dumped into the sea.

Looking under the house where I had stayed the previous night, I saw the household goat eating his fill of the tide-carried garbage. It was not easy for him to walk under there for he was the biggest billy of the whole community. He would eat a morsel here and then walk on to a morsel there. As he did so his single horn came in contact with the floor of the house and there came to me, over the water, the sound of thomp, thomp, thomp.

Newfoundland's Rhodes Scholar Now At McGill

The Rhodes Scholarship reserved for Newfoundland has been won by Allan G. Gillingham, who is a present student at McGill. He is taking Classics and graduates at the end of this session. He received the first two years of his college education at the Memorial College, St. John's, Newfoundland, where among other offices, he held that of vice-President of the Students Council.

Questioned about his future plans, Gillingham said that he only received news of his success yesterday, and had hardly time to make any. He added, however that he hopes to take "Greens" and if possible to take up residence at Now or Balliol.

and economic tendencies in South Africa from the standpoint of determining the forces and objectives of an educational system under such conditions. Having so recent and comprehensive a knowledge of the conditions in question, Dr. Clarke should be able to provide an entertaining lecture which will be of advantage to his listeners.

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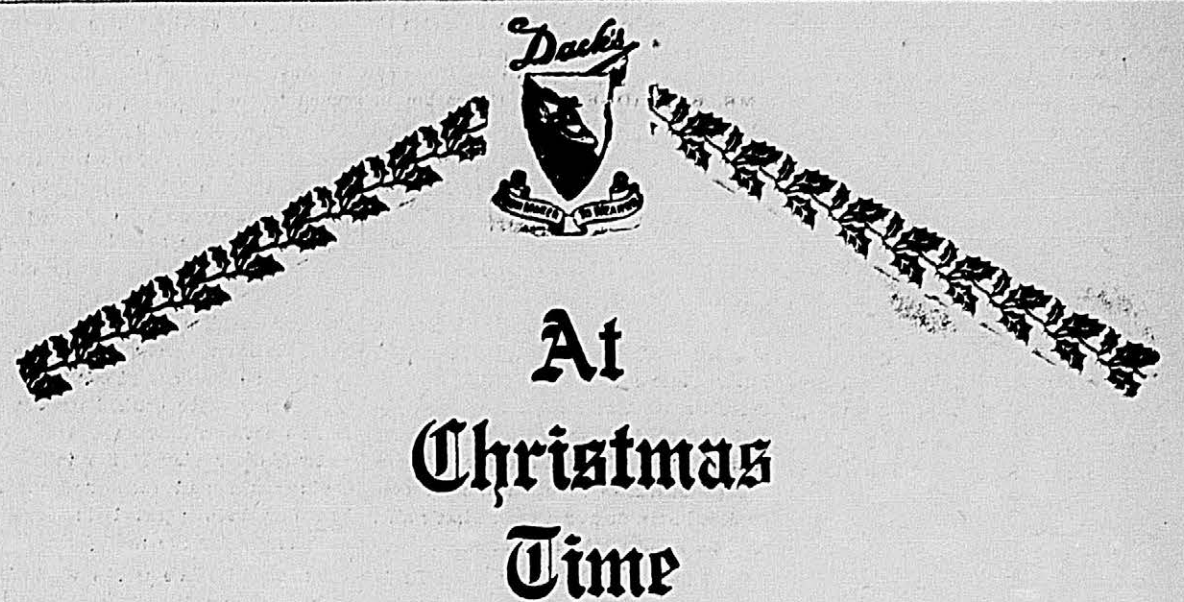
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Principles Of Empire Crusade Are Criticized

Ballantyne Attacks Imperial Free Trade Scheme.

BEAVERBROOK

Dinintegration Of Empire Foretold At League Of Nations Club

The fallacies in Lord Beaverbrook's Empire Free Trade Scheme were exposed by Murray G. Ballantyne at a meeting of the League of Nations Club last night, and the weakening power of the League upon the British was also clearly brought out in a paper given by W. A. Barclay.

Ballantyne opened his speech on "The Opportunities of Free Trade Within the Empire," with the statement that "Protection is a crying need among young nations and the cause of a vicious circle among more mature nationalities. He went on to show the truth of this argument but finally expressed the opinion that while Free Trade is 'most at home' in scholastic precincts, it is not practical. Protection is needed to build up industries in which a country does not stand in a naturally dominant position.

Chamberlain Starts Campaign

The speaker touched upon the history of Free Trade in England up till 1903 when Joseph Chamberlain opened the 1st Imperial Preference Campaign. For some time before this date the tendency toward protection had been growing all over Europe and America. Other countries were becoming prosperous behind the shelter of their tariff walls, but Britain still stuck steadfastly to the policy of Free Trade which she had followed during her long period of marvelous industrial progress. She refused to see the impending loss of world industrial supremacy as the result of a stubbornly continuation to respect the precepts of the old Free Traders.

In 1903 Chamberlain resigned from the Balfour Cabinet, convinced that the prosperity of the Empire depended upon the adoption of system of Imperial Preference. Doubtless Chamberlain was the direct cause of the crushing Unionist defeat in 1906, but he certainly had the courage of his convictions, even though he could not convert the English people.

Ballantyne was of the opinion that Chamberlain's campaign was looked upon favourably by the Dominions. He supported his views with extracts from Canadian newspapers, besides quoting liberally from Chamberlain's speeches to show the statesman's vigorous defence of his policy.

Beaverbrook Revives Scheme

Although the British pronounced themselves unfavorable to Empire Protection at the opening of the century, the war has provided great stimulus toward tariff barriers. Britain is no longer the economic mistress of the world. She must recover the lost ground. Lord Beaverbrook has arrived at the solution of all her difficulties which is nothing else than the revival and adoption of Joseph Chamberlain's old scheme, with all the vigour and modern methods of a Beaverbrook behind it.

According to the speaker, Beaverbrook is a "combination of the power behind the throne and a nigger in the wood-pile." His campaign is not altogether an altruistic scheme to save British industries; The Conservative Party is in need of a new slogan. If Beaverbrook can force his slogan upon them, he will come with it as the party leader.

Anomalies in Doctrine

The gospel of the Empire Crusaders is largely made up on contradictions. They shout about Empire Free Trade and still deny that they wish to abolish all tariff barriers within the Empire to the detriment of the colonial industries. They base a great part of their arguments upon the fact that the Dominions buy too much from the United States which could be bought from Britain. Yet the British manufacturer does not take full advantage of the present opportunities for trade in Canada.

Ballantyne contended that the British manufacturers needed no more preference until they made full use of existing facilities by adopting modern marketing methods in the Dominions.

Barclay's paper dealing with the subject "The British Empire and the League of Nations" was read by another member, the writer himself being absent.

Empire Compared

The Empire and the League were first compared, the strength and weakness of the two being contrasted. The former is strong in the racial tie, in the loyalty to the crown, in her decentralized governmental system and her ample armed protection. The League is weak in the very respects, and in addition its members have only one thing in common a romantic desire for peace.

Care of Complications

The Empire, however, is a political muddle, and the establishment of the League have given rise to various complications.

(Continue on page six)

Coroner's Court

To all do we convey our sincerest wishes for an enjoyable Christmas and New Years. Since this is the time of the year when all are in a sense of good spirit and joyfully we too do not lack that amount of good will to offer the compliments of the season to our readers.

A report has just been received from the Toronto 'Varsity' with regard to an all-intercollegiate football squad picked by George Morgan, Captain of the 1929 team. According to this authority only one McGill man is good enough to be on this coveted mythical football squad and that is none other than the sturdy Don Young, who has been chosen to fill the position of flying wing. It is unnecessary to state that many and varied are the opinions on the selection of such a squad, and many and varied are the selections. Anyhow here is Mr. Morgan's viewpoint:

Flying wing ... Don Young, McGill
Halfback ... Carter, Queen's
Halfback ... Sinclair, Varsity
Halfback ... Kennedy, Western
Quarter and Captain ... Sutton, Queen's
Snapback ... Kelly, Varsity
Inside ... Bean, Varsity
Middle ... Guggino, Western
McGill ... Stuart, Queen's
Outside ... Gourley, Queen's
Outside ... Britton, Queen's
Coach ... Harry "Red" Batstone

To the Daily:—
Some time ago, I consulted the Director of Physical Education in regard to the Senior Rugby Coach. I have requested that I be relieved of such coaching duties for next year. I enclose the reply received from Dr. Lamb to-day.

Yours Truly,

A. A. Burridge.

Dec. 19, 1929.

Mr. A. A. Burridge,
Rugby Coach and Asst. Physical Director,
Athletic Office,
McGill Union.

Dear Sir:—

Your communication of recent date concerning your duties and responsibilities for the ensuing season, has been thoroughly considered by the Athletic Board and I am authorized to advise you that your request to be relieved of your duties in coaching rugby, has been granted. Your title, therefore, insofar as it refers to you as Rugby Coach, will hereafter not be applicable.

In accordance with your previously expressed desire, it is felt that your whole time should be devoted to the fostering and supervision of a fuller and more complete programme in intramural sports for as large a percentage of the student body as possible, together with some additional duties which will be outlined to you at later date.

Yours very sincerely,

A. S. Lamb.

Looking Backwards

(Continued from page one)

classmen had wondered in there by mistake, however the find was a very valuable one and we have shipped their bodies to the various museums.

Excavating near the McGill Union, we came up on the fossilized bones of some gigantic prehistoric animal, but imagine our chagrin when we discovered that it was only the soup bone used by the Union Cafeteria in its daily meals. (We haven't eaten soup since). Entering the Union we made our way slowly over the debris and made our way into the cafeteria. What surprised us most was the total absence of hard beverages that we had heard so much about. We were afraid that someone had got there ahead of us. Further search brought nothing to light so we decided to begin operations in another quarter. As we left the Union Building we saw them bearing away the body of one of the professors who had been a noted humorist in his day. There was a grin on his face as much as to say, "You have carried this joke too far." He will be placed in the hall of fame in the museum of Chicago. Contracts have been made with most of our universities to supply them with fossilized professors, to be set up in the classrooms instead of employing the usual lecturer. It is claimed that the difference will not be noticed.

Leaving the precincts of the University, we commenced operations further to the south and met with decided success. Cutting away huge chunks of lava, we uncovered a small building on which were written the words "Quebec Liquor Commission." This discovery greatly hampered operations for about two months, but we returned to our work with added enthusiasm, and filled with a new spirit. Our men wished to hunt for other buildings with the same slogan, but we were afraid that it might dampen their ardour in their search for more valuable discoveries, (that is, biologically).

Our picks and shovels unearthed the body of what must have been the minion of the law, who was dressed in most fantastic costume. After we had scraped the outer coating off, we discovered that he wore his braces on the outside of his coat, though goodness knows how he ever managed to keep his trousers up with them that way. These braces were of a whitish colour, no doubt to distinguish that branch of the service from the red-suspended fireman. However the whole ensemble was a ludicrous one and probably gave rise to that expression "Dumb Policemen." We have presented this specimen to the New York police.

As I gaze upon this vast ruin I am pleased to think that I have been the

one to have brought it once more to the light of day, and to the sight of man, and I hope to have cleared it sufficiently by next June so that the tourist trade may begin once more. The inhabitants have agreed to charge the same exorbitant prices, so the Americans will be able to imagine themselves in the same atmosphere as their ancestors, in the good old days when Montreal was in its prime. I have just been brought word that a new Liquor Commission Store has been discovered, so I must attend to the operations. I can assure the public, however, that there will be no more eruptions here, not even political eruptions."

Mickey the Snake

(Continued from page one)
but somehow, it persisted, something about an eternal salvation. What was wrong with him?

Why that was part of the theme of the sermon he had listened to that very evening! He had gone to Church in a nearby town to establish an altar, Christmas Eve service he had attended, and now it was Christmas Morn. What difference did that make to him, anyhow; he was a business man; he would not let any sentiment interfere with his duties.

In spite of all his attempts to dismiss the scene of the robbery from his mind, he still persisted in seeing the corpse in front of him: his features blended to the colour of the background. He saw the pitiful look on the face of the watchman left lying on the floor, bound helpless, with the bloody wound in his chest. He began to feel that he oughtn't have shot the slug through the man's heart. But he was by no means repentant, for he knew that a'll his

Rib-Building To Start Saturday

Kitchener Shows Club Method Of Construction.

The discussion as to what is the best method of building Glider-ribs, was the object of the Meeting of the Glider Club last night in room 37 of the Engineering Building. L. Richardson, the Secretary, welcomed those present, and introduced the speaker of the evening, Mr. Kitchener, who has had a great deal of experience of flying and constructing gliders.

Mr. Kitchener had brought with him several finished ribs, with which he was able to illustrate the points in his talk—for he disclaimed all intentions of a technical lecture. In a glider wing there are 8 heavy and 6 light ribs, whilst each one pound and 6 ounces respectively. He said that there is a great deal of hard and rather monotonous work and great enthusiasm will be needed to carry it through, enthusiasm which is sure not to be lacking in the keen members of the Club.

The most important part of rib construction is the primary framework on which all the other ribs are constructed. This frame is called the "Jig." Once this is constructed the rest is "mere child's play." The heavy ribs carry the flying stresses, while the light are chiefly for the fabric. Very great accuracy is essential. It is not worth while getting the job only fairly accurate; if the accuracy is maintained all through, a good result can be guaranteed.

The secretary then stated that work would begin next Saturday and would be carried on during the holidays. He was able to state that the maximum inclusive price would not exceed \$90. He announced that the next meeting would be held on the Curtis Field, probably during the holidays. Those who want to join now communicate with either L. Richardson (Cr. 2835) or L. W. Luke (Ma. 6935). The present membership can be greatly expanded, and all will be really welcomed. The members then studied more carefully Mr. Kitchener's designs in order to get a comprehensive idea along what lines to proceed themselves.

R.V.C. HALL CLOSED

The R.V.C. Hall will not be open for Badminton or Basketball during the holidays, owing to repairs.

misgivings would disappear by morning with the arrival of Salvation, in the form of the Boss' automobile.

But the Snake was cold, how he longed to build a fire, but it was against all orders. He was miserable. He tried to lift his leg to stretch it, but it wouldn't go. He tried to guess the time, for he could not raise his arm to glance at his watch. He figured he had another hour to wait, and cursed all the things he could think of. Peace on Earth. Good Will towards men. Murder, Salvation raced through his mind. His limbs were cold. He could not move. Thoughts, reflections, rushing, blurring—dimmer, dimmer. His whole body was numb. How he longed to have a fire. But he shouldn't build one. At the moment he couldn't. He was too stiff.

If Salvation did not come quickly, he would be unable to take advantage of it. He would now have worn a grim smile on his face, if he could move his features. But he could not. He was stiff. Mickey the Snake was stiff.

When the Chief did find him, Mickey's body was like a snake's, cold as the weather.

His friends wondered at the prophecy—Mickey the Snake.

Church Of The Messiah

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and SIMPSON STREET

PREACHER
REVEREND LAWRENCE CLARE
SERVICE AT 11 A.M.
CHRISTMAS MUSIC

All seats free.
Students, and all members of the University, are cordially invited.

THE STREET PHOTO SUPPLY COMPANY

Take this opportunity of wishing the Professors, Students and Staff at McGill University

A Merry Christmas
and
Happy New Year

Choral Society Has Entertaining Meeting

May Change Practices To Tuesdays

The Choral Society held a most enjoyable meeting last evening at Strathcona Hall.

Under the very able leadership of Mr. W. Chapperton of the McGill Conservatorium of music, the Society sang the following songs: "Three Fishermen Went Sailing," "The Soul's Longing," "The Ash Grove," "London Town," "Tell Not Of A Lovely Lass," and selections from Faust.

During the business session of the meeting, it was decided that if it suited the convenience of a sufficient number of members and prospective members, the meetings of the Society would be changed from Thursdays to Tuesdays.

At present, the Society's only handicap is its small membership. It is one that affords a great deal of entertainment to its members. Everyone with the least interest in singing is strongly urged to join the Society, as they are assured that they will derive much enjoyment from it. No previous experience in singing is necessary. The Daily will make an announcement of the next meeting.

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O Come all ye students!

O come all ye students and take your fill
Of the fun and the fête that livens McGill
When the Engineers Frolic brings in the New Year
With dancing and dining and seasonal cheer.

Come to the Union and dance to the sway
Of an orchestra ready to wait you away
To the spice-laden air of tropical isles
Where snow is unknown and the Sun always smiles
On palm trees and beaches and sands ... and all
The dancers forget they're in Montreal.

To travel in comfort, safety and speed
The Standard Cab is the car you need;
It's beautiful, heated, interior serves
To keep you in tune and quiet your nerves.
For what college student won't feel a thrill
When he goes to a Frolic at old McGill?

And after the whoopee has faded away
And the sky is flushed by the dawn of day,
Put on your coat and hat ... and phone
For a STANDARD CAB to take you home.
You'll sigh with relief as you rest your feet
And sink down low in a comfy seat,
Enjoying in full the homeward ride,
Enjoying it more if she is by your side!

Take a look at the meter once in a while
And see how low is the cost per mile,
For the fare of a STANDARD is money well spent
To end up an evening of rich enjoyment.

Standard Cabs

Marquette
8101

Famous Scientist To Address Physicists

Dr. G. P. Thompson Speaks In Physics Building Tonight

"Electron Diffraction" will be the subject of an address by Dr. Thompson, famous physicist of Aberdeen University, when he addresses a joint meeting of the Physical and Sigma Xi Societies at five o'clock this evening in the Macdonald Physics Building.

Dr. Thompson has recently performed experiments of far reaching importance in modern physics. Being an authority on the subject he is noted for his simple and direct method of lecturing and he has a talent for clear exposition of his theme so that even beginners at the subject have no difficulty in following him.

The executive committee extended a cordial invitation to all those interested in modern physics to attend the lecture. They assure all those who come of an interesting discussion.

Prof. Reilly Held Physics Colloquium

Spoke On "Recent Advances In Hearing"

At the Physics Colloquium yesterday afternoon, Prof. H. E. Reilly, of the Physics Department, delivered a brief but interesting lecture on "Recent Advances In Hearing." The speaker prefaced the main body of his lecture by a description of the anatomy of the ear in order to render the subject thoroughly intelligible to those not well versed in anatomy. Then by means of slides and graphs he showed how the latest research has made possible exact measurement of the degree of hearing possessed by a subject.

It must be understood that partial deafness consists in lack of response to certain intensities or frequencies of sound waves. As the result of recent advances, a physician may now accurately determine the particular types of sound which a patient's ear does not register, and may prescribe, if necessary, a device which will correct the deficiency.

"The most important recent research on the mechanics of hearing must be credited to Fletcher and Wegel," stated Prof. Reilly, and the work of these investigators has been ably seconded by the mechanical genius of the Bell Telephone Company in applying their results in the devising of appliances which will restore the hearing of thousands of those who are partially afflicted with deafness."

50th Anniversary Will Be Celebrated

Debating Union To Hear Canadian Statesmen.

The fiftieth anniversary of the Debating Union will be celebrated at a dinner and debate to be held in February, the exact date not yet fixed, it was announced after a meeting of the Executive and prominent graduates, held yesterday. Several well-known Canadian statesmen will be present at the dinner and will lead in the debate. A new honorary member will be elected on this occasion; it will be remembered that the Rt. Hon. Ramsey MacDonald received the first honorary membership, when he visited the University on October 6th.

A committee to make arrangements for the evening was elected, consisting of the following members: Sir Arthur Currie, Col. George Currie, president of the McGill Graduates Society, H. M. Jaquays, president of the Montreal branch of the Graduates Society, Gordon Glasco, Secretary of the Graduates Society, Col. Boyce, Gregor Barclay, K.C., A. K. Hugeszen, and Philip Fisher.

The executive committee will be composed of Warwick Chipman, K.C., a past president of the Society, Philip Foran, current president and Dr. M. Alexander, also a past president.

Principles Of Empire Crusade Are Criticized

(Continued from page five)

Implications. The several Dominions as each separate countries in the eyes of the League, and independent members. The overlapping of prerogative that ensues is obvious.

Ireland has seized upon these contradictions to annoy Britain, and may annoy her a great deal more in the future. In questions such as the government of Egypt, and India's contribution to the League, England has had to assert her sovereignty with difficulty.

"Empire to fall apart."

The speaker concluded that inasmuch as the Empire had no efficient international organization to combat the threads of the League, it is doomed to disintegration.

Barclay closed his paper with the words "A time will come when it will be no longer possible for the scattered units of the Empire to remain in a sentimental union. It will be the

A Day of Babylon

(Continued from page one)

had left unguarded on our box. And just as we stood back and faced one another with satisfied smiles, a horrible sound reached our ears.

It was a beastly, slithering sound; we guessed in a second what it meant. Wheeling and rushing, we were just in time to see the last of the sand-wiches before it vanished down the voracious gullet of a yellow "pie" dog—about the lowest of created animals. He yelped and ran, pursued by our curses and in a more tangible way by the box, which, I can now feel glad to say, missed him in the dim light. Later we heard him telling his friends all about it, and there was an unpleasant note of scorn in his yowling.

The sandwiches and the cake were gone. There remained the beer and the water-melon. And of water-melon and beer we made our breakfast, not a very comforting one, as you may imagine. Afterwards we took turns at sitting on the upturned box until the day came.

The Babu looked a little puzzled as we walked by him into the grey world beyond the station. No doubt he had some experience of the strange vagaries of white "sahibs," who asked only not to be interfered with, and he was too polite to enquire of us where we intended to go. There was no mistaking the direction of Hillah, anyway; the road was already dotted with Arabs walking to market, and little carts loaded with melons and bulky mysterious packages. The women, clad in the unchanging dingy blue, stared at us frankly, unlike their city-bred sisters, who must veil themselves from every passing male.

As we crossed the spindly bridge that led over a branch of the Euphrates, a group of men who had been chatting together over their morning coffee rose to greet us "Sa-lam aleikum (peace be unto you)", they said in grave chorus, and the age-old formula sounded very sweet. One or two lifted a hand. A minute's talk with them, and we went our way, with a little boy, who had meanwhile sprung from the ground as little Arab boys do, to be our guide.

By the British political officer we were most kindly received, and as soon as we had made ourselves known he was full of apologies. His Ford was under repair at the moment or it would have met us. In the afternoon it would be ready to take us to Babylon, and then to the ruins of Birs Nimrud, eight miles away. We forgot, under the influence of this hospitality, the miseries of our night, and a short rest left us keen for a visit to the mounds.

A few hours later we stood by the first of the three tremendous piles of tawny brick that mark the site of ancient Babylon. We climbed it, gazed down on streets and foundations, on palaces and gateways, all with one or two exceptions, reduced to mere vestiges of what they once had been. Yet why should I attempt to describe what so many visitors have pictured with a vividness beyond my powers? The layman can talk of such spots only in meaningless superlatives.

One thing I recall as standing out with peculiar distinctness, and that is the house of Koldewey. This German archaeologist, who had spent more than twenty years in the excavation of the ruins, had been forced during the war to abandon his work

some in time with all empires for the day of their usefulness is over.

"In sponsoring the League the Empire has dug its own grave, a grave to which it will sink in honour, respected as the greatest advocate of peace and as the only political power ever to realize that its own day was passed to clear the way for the future by sponsoring something better and more universal."

Early Forest Fire Patrols

The Forest Service of the Department of the Interior has found that, by the use of aircraft equipped for winter flying, it is now possible to commence the patrol of forest areas in Manitoba and Saskatchewan in March instead of late May, as formerly. In this way fires started by trappers, prospectors, and others, during the winter months, are detected and reported, and means taken for their suppression before they attain serious proportions.

EVOLUTION

Age six—Father gives Willie roller skates.

Age twelve—Father gives Willie bicycle.

Age eighteen—Father gives Willie college education.

Age twenty-three—College gives Willie diploma.

Age twenty-four—Father gives Willie the job.

Age twenty-four years, three days—Father gives Willie up.

—Pitt Panther.

It's strange how fast mail trucks drive when they pass you on the street, and how long it takes a chief to reach you.

and flee before the oncoming British. His house near the river, filled with materials gleaned from the mounds, was left untouched by the conquerors and sealed against intrusion, but Koldewey had not come back to it.

Under the guidance of his chief native helper, left in charge of the place, we climbed up a palm-trunk ladder over the wall of the courtyard, and visited the deserted house. There was something indescribably pathetic about the rooms full of carefully tabulated antiquities, the shelves piled high with dusty papers. Everything bore the stamp of meticulous neatness, and the thoroughness we have come to associate with the Teuton. Here, surely, with his life-work, the soul of Koldewey must have lingered, long after he had taken his last look and locked the door and turned away. I have not heard whether or not he has since come back, but I hope he has.

Upon leaving Babylon we rattled in the Ford over a deeply rutted track that led us to Birs Nimrud. Four successive punctures or blow-outs delayed us, so that it was near sundown before we reached that lonely mound. Like a solemn finger, warning against the treacheries of time, the only "zigurat" or temple spire left standing in Mesopotamia rose above the desert, which for hundreds of yards around was flecked with shattered bricks and potsherds. The setting sun, filling the undulations of the plain with dusky pools, sent the shadow of the tower far across the brown surface, and made it look twice as large as it really was. Not a living soul was near. And this deserted spindly of dilapidated brick was all that remained of Borsippa, one of the most flourishing suburbs of Babylon, with its shops and dwellings, its crowded streets and its markets. We made a rather silent return to Hillah.

That night we were again at the station, awaiting the one daily train. It was about eleven, and the train, as we knew, would not come before

three. Again we were faced by the question, "Where can we sleep?" This time, however, before the lights had been extinguished, we had gazed about us and laid our plans. Just beyond the track there were two stacks of railway ties, each big enough to accommodate a tired man. As soon as the occupants of the station had fallen silent, we slipped over to them. Cement, were they? Well, it was a

hard bed; but then we were terribly weary. We prepared for our rest, sand-flies, mosquitoes, and other pests notwithstanding.

The keen eyes of Dr. M. had noted something else, a little way down the track. Edging over to it, we discovered it to be a hand-car, with real leather cushions on the seats. These cushions, whisked off in a trice, passed in the dark to our piles

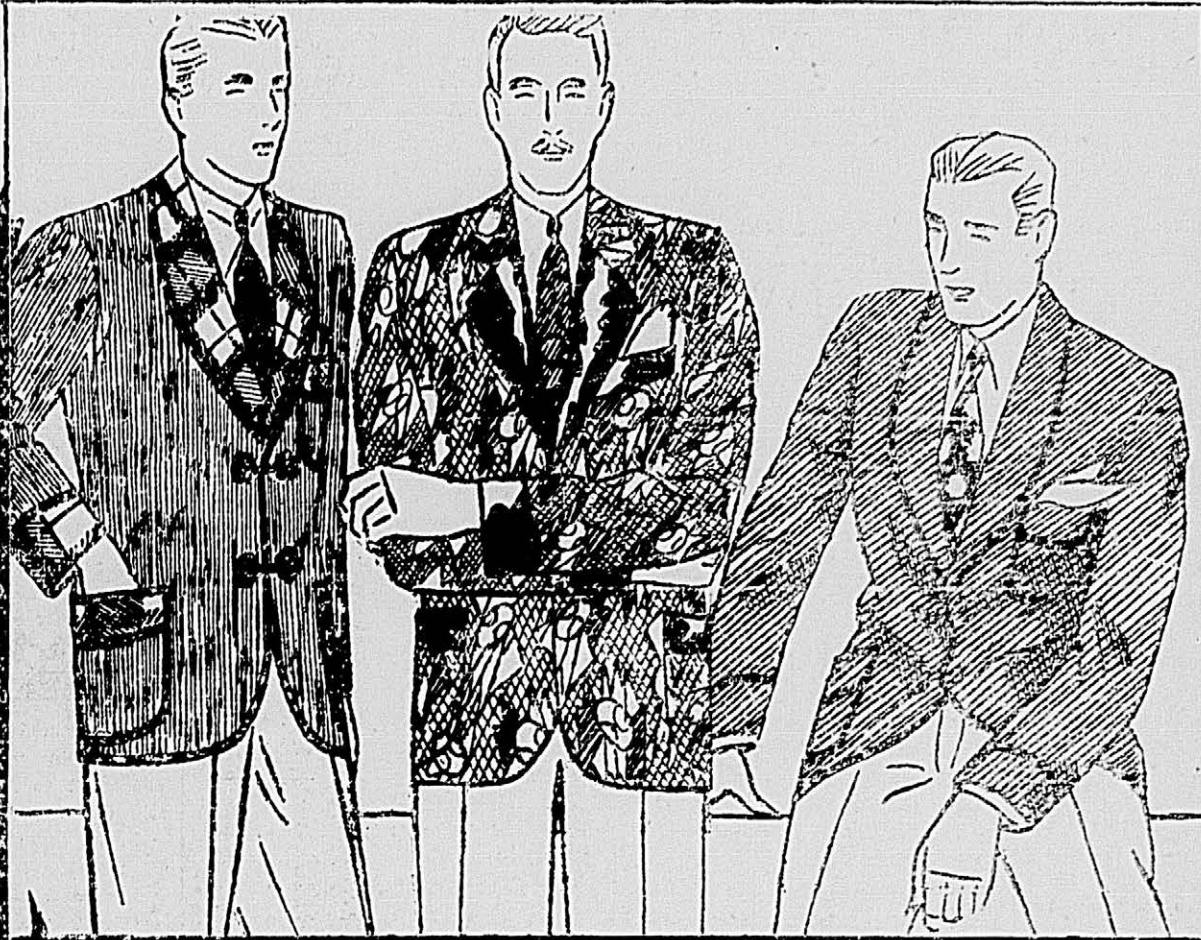
of cement ties, where they made us excellent pillows. Coats over our bare backs (we were wearing shorts) repelled the millions of invading sand-flies to a few thousands. I had an Arab "tiffin" a cotton head-dress, in which I muffled my face and ears; I was too tired to notice how my companion managed.

And we slept. Sand-flies, prowling "pie" dogs, unyielding cement

ties, these were powerless to prevent us. When the whistle of the approaching train warned us, we had just time to bundle our things together, toss our pillows back into the hand-car, and scuttle across the track. The glaring eye of the locomotive moved slowly to a stop. We tumbled into the first empty compartment and said good-bye to Hillah, its Babu and his dogs. En route for Nashriyah!

EATON'S

CONSIDERING HIS COMFORT



Velveteen has always been popular as a material for house coats. Here it is smartly tailored in a comfortable style, which may be had in black, wine or brown. Sizes: 35 to 44. Priced at 15.00.

Brocaded rayon and cotton house coat. Rather a dashing appearance, with its satin-trimmed lapels, cuffs and pockets. Sizes: 35 to 42. Priced at 12.50 and 18.00.

A great favorite is this blanket cloth jacket, with contrasting collar and cuffs. Finished with cord trim. Sizes: 35 to 44. Priced at 10.00.

Eaton's—Second Floor.



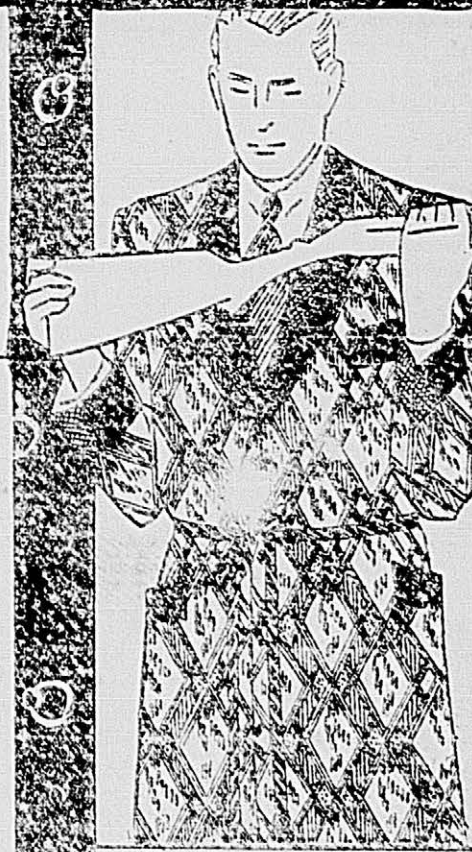
The illustration below shows a robe of plain natural shade of camel-hair cloth — with cord bound edges, girdle and 3 patch pockets—20.00—other robes of wool blanket cloth fabrics, 12.00 to 16.00

Eaton's—Main Floor.



Brocaded rayon and cotton the one illustrated above, finely made and well finished with lustrous, smooth trimming. Sizes small, medium and large. 10.00. Others up to 18.00.

Eaton's—Second Floor.

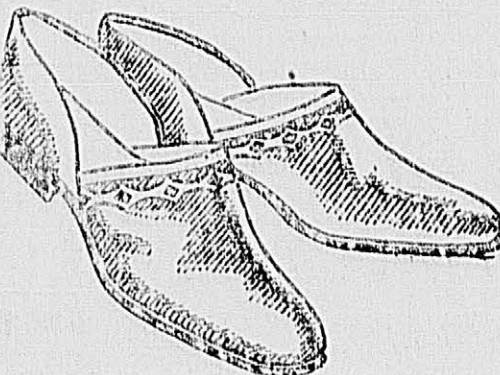


Gown of brocaded rayon and cotton above. Lustrous lapels, cuffs and pocket edges, with sash. Many patterns and colors. Sizes small, medium and large. Priced at 18.50 each.

Eaton's—Main Floor.

A PAIR OF SLIPPER SUGGESTIONS

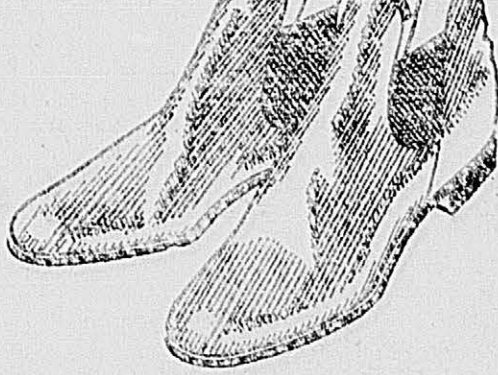
Opera Slippers, 3.50



Opera slippers, at left—preferred by many men—black or brown kid leather uppers—turned leather soles—cushion insoles—sizes 5 1/2 to 11. 3.50.

Eaton's—Second Floor, Victoria St.

Romeo Slippers, 3.50



Romeo slippers, at right—fine kid in black or brown. Elastic sides, turn soles and cushion insoles. Sizes 5 1/2 to 11. Priced at 3.50. Others 2.75 to 5.00.

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GOODMAN'S

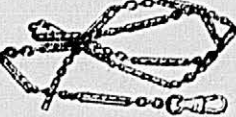
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Men are invariably delighted with a watch chain. Pocket to pocket chain, 16 karat green gold. \$5



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For loose powder. Blue enamel with silver gilt edging. Always \$5



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A man will always appreciate an extra pair of cuff links. 10 karat gold, engine turned with a \$5 chased border.



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Six sterling silver cocktail forks with enamelled tips in various colours. \$5

BIRKS